

MUSA AMERICANA

SECOND SERIES

HOME SONGS IN LATIN

Set to Popular Melodies

With English Text

By

ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.



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LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL.

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ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LITERATURE

CAMPION COLLEGE

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS.

Second Edition

(Revised and Enlarged)

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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FOREWORD

While the *First Series* of MUSA AMERICANA contains a collection of *Patriotic Songs* in Latin, the *Second Series* is a symposium of lyrics on a variety of subjects: on man's love for God and His creatures, for country, family and friends, for poetry, music and Nature's bounteous gifts.

Most of the Latin songs of the Second Series are either translations or paraphrases of famous American, English and Irish lyrics. To these the writer has added four of his own original Latin songs; viz, *Ver*, *Aestas*, *Autumnus* and *Hiems*.

The Latin versions of the Second Series are, like those of the First, accentual. Elisions are *not* to be made in reading or singing; in a few instances, however, elisions have to be made; such elisions are marked by printing the syllable which is to be elided in *italics*.

All the songs of the Second Series of MUSA AMERICANA are set to popular melodies, which may be found, like those of the First Series, in the various musical publications of Messrs. Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge of New York City. The Irish melodies are conveniently put together in: "Choice Irish Songs," Volume I, published by White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

It might not be amiss to point briefly to the principles which the writer has followed in the composition of the Latin Songs of this booklet.

1) Great, at times even discouraging, difficulties are encountered by any one hazarding to translate into Latin Verse exquisite lyrics, expressive of sublime thought and clothed in the choicest diction of a modern language. The difficulties arise from the vast differences of idiom, from the limitations of Latin poetic diction, and, last but not least, from the severe restrictions imposed upon the translator by the rhyme and the rhythm of the originals, which he chooses to reproduce in his Latin songs.

2) In the face of these and similar difficulties, the writer has felt justified in striving to remain faithful, as far as practicable, to the *sentiments* of his English originals, and not to attempt in all cases to adhere closely to their wording. The song: "*Ad Merulam*" is a mere poetic paraphrase of T. A. Daly's ode: "To a Robin."

3) The words and phrases which the writer has seen fit to employ are, in general, those found in approved Latin authors, especially in the poets of the Golden and Silver Ages. Quite unusual words and phrases have been avoided to the best knowledge of the writer and of his literary friends, to whom the songs of this booklet have been submitted for criticism and revision. The author of MUSA AMERICANA gladly avails himself of this opportunity to thank his critics for their generous assistance and useful suggestions.

4) Musical composers do not always write their melodies in exact accord with the rhythms of the lyrics which they attempt to set to music. Thus, in "The Last Rose of Summer" the rhythm is purely anapaestic:
 u u—u u—u u—u u— " 'Tis the lăst rōse ǒf sūmměr,
 lěft bloōmǐng ālōne." The composer, however, has seen fit to scan: "'Tis the last *rōse* of summēr." In all instances of this sort, the translator has adhered strictly to the *original rhythm*.

A contemplated Third Series of MUSA AMERICANA will contain Latin *odes* written in the classical metres of Catullus, Horace, Ovid and other Latin poets of recognized authority.

The songs of the Second Series, like those of the First, are intended for the use of High Schools and Colleges. They will furnish our Classical Clubs with suitable material for academic programs.

ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

Campion College
 Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin
 July 31, 1919

FOREWORD TO SECOND EDITION

The *Second* Edition of Series II of MUSA AMERICANA is made conformable to the other four series of the collection. Some changes in spelling and phrases have been found necessary. Three new songs, proper to Campion College have been added to this volume. The *Carmen Tusculanum* is the Latin Song of Campion's Classical Club.

Campion College
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin
August 15, 1924

ULTIMA AESTATIS ROSA

Air: The Last Rose of Summer

Ecce, rósae aestívae*

Hic últimus flós!

Pulchros socios plorat

Iam nunc mortuos!

Nulla rosa refulget,

Quae consociet

Ruboris ardorem,

Fletus aút geminet!

O, non sólus languésces

Sic, flós, gemitu:

Somniantibus rosis

Quiesce et tu!

Pius spargo rosetum

Tuis, en, foliis,

Ubi requies datur

Caris tót sociis.

Sequar té, quum sodáles

Defécerint mé,

Ex corona quum nostra

Gemmae solverint se!—

Si nec fidus est comes,

Nec carus est dux,

O, quis vivere velit,

Ubi périit lux?

*Wherever accents are printed, they are intended as helps to correct *musical* rendition.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Words by Thomas Moore

Old Irish Melody

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

IN AEQUORIS CUNABULIS

Air: Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

In aequoris cunabulis
Quiesco, motus undulis;
Securus Dei munere,
Qui servat me a funere;
Is me vocantem protegit,
Qui passerem non neglegit.

CHORUS

Est somnus meus facilis
In aequoris cunabilis.

Cor Deo se committeret,
Si turbo salum* verreret,
Procella si e somnio
Me traderet naufragio;
Nam maris forent flumina
Aeternae vitae semina.

CHORUS

Est somnus meus facilis
In aequoris cunabulis. •

*salum, i; n. the open high-sea. (Cic. Verg. Ov.)

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

*Words by Willard**Music by Knight*

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save;
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow fall;

CHORUS

And calm and peaceful in my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Such be the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death;
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality.

CHORUS

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

DULCIS DOMUS MEA

Air: Home, Sweet Home

. Palátium gaúdiis nos repleat,—
Domus húmilis dóna dulcissima dat;
Favóres de caelo hic recreant nos:
Per orbem si quaeris, non reperis hos!

CHORUS

Quid est, o, quid est
Tam dulce quam tu,
Dulcis domus, quam tu?

.

Conspiciens lunam, dum pes trahit se
Per deserta, iam nunc cogitare de me
Scio matrem, quae prospicit hanc lunulam
Per vitem fragrantem, quam non sentiam.

CHORUS

Quid est, o, quid est
Tam dulce quam tu,
Dulcis domus, quam tu?

Ah! dum exsulo domo, me nil iuvat lux;
O, ad humilem casam sit iter et dux!
Redde volucres, olim quís tam placui,
Redde pacem, cui omnia posthabui!

CHORUS

Quid est, o, quid est
Tam dulce quam tu,
Dulcis domus, quam tu?

HOME, SWEET HOME

*Words by J. H. Payne**Music by Sir H. Bishop*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home!

I gaze on the moon, as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all!

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home!

EN LYRA, TARAE REGIAM

Air: The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

En lyra, Tarae Regiam
Quae sparsit carmine,
In Tarae pendet atriis
Orbata flamine!
Sic dormit fastus pristinus,
Sic fama periit,
Cor olim laude concitum,
Hanc non iam percipit!

Nec Dux nec Virgo Nobilis
Hac lyra pangitur;
Ruinam plangit cithara;
Quae noctu frangitur;
"Libertas" vix se excitat;
Sed quum cor fremitu
Irato perit, vivam se
Tum monstrat gemitu!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

*Words by Thomas Moore**Music by Molly Astore*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells;
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that she still lives.

DULCE FLA

Air: Sweet and Low

Dúlce flá, léne flá,
 Zéphyre vésperi;
Flá, flá, léne flá,
 Zéphyre vésperi!
Aéquori té undulánti da,
Lúna de móritúra fla,
 Spónsum huc dúc ad me,
Dum dat sómnio púlcher púsio sé!

Somnia, somnia!
 Pater redibit iam;
Matris, en, bracchia!
 Pater redibit iam;
Pater ad parvulum properat,
Albidum vélum rádiat
 Luna sub candida;
Te, mi pusio, dulci somnio da!

SWEET AND LOW

*Words by Alfred Tennyson**Music by Joseph Barnby*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

NOX TACITA

Air: Oft in the Stilly Night

Saépe, quum silet nóx,
Priúsquam sómno stríngar,
Dúlcis memóriæ vóx
Dat lumine ut cingar:
Dat risum iam,
Et lacrimam,
Amantium sermones,
Et oculos
Nunc mortuos,
Et comitum agones.

CHORUS

Sic, quum iam silet nox,
Priusquam somno stringar,
Trístis memóriæ vóx
Dat lumine ut cingar.

Mente dum redeo
Ad socios sic iunctos,
Stratos quos video,
Ut brúmae fólia, cúntos,
Sum velut is,
Qui epulis
Peractis aulam transit:
Nec lampadum,
Nec stemmatum
Vim cernit:—solus mansit!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Arranged by Sir J. Stevenson*Words by* Thomas Moore

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

CHORUS

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

CHORUS

Sic, quum iam silet nox,
Priusquam somno stringar,
Trístis memóriæ vóx
Dat lumine ut cingar.

CHORUS

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

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SITULUS QUERNEUS

Air: The Old Oaken Bucket

Quam cara sunt seni, quae puero grata,
 Quum sistitur menti quod placuit tum!
 Arbustum et pratum et silva virgata,
 Et quidquid delectat dum parvulus sum;
 Et stagnum extensum et mola paterna,
 Pons, rupes torrente cum caeruleo,
 Tugurium patris et lactis taberna,
 Quin situlus rudis nostr(o) in puteo.

CHORUS

Hic situlus quernus et ferro revinctus
 Muscosus pendeat nostr(o) in puteo.

Muscosum hunc situlum gazam vocavi;—
 Ex agro meridie cum redii,
 Hunc fontem laetitiae sedem putavi:—
 Natura quid potius det gaudii?—
 Mox situlus fervida manu illatus,
 Fonticuli fundo stat in scrupéo*;
 O Veri Imaginem! redit ornatus
 Praegelidis undis nostr(o) e puteo.

CHORUS

Sic situlus quernus et ferro revinctus
 Muscosus surgebat nostr(o) puteo.

Musco de situlo dulcis est unda,
 E fonte quum fertur iam ad labia;—
 Nec pocula dimoveant me rubicunda,
 Vel Iovis quae Nectare sunt suavia!—

**scrupæus*, adj. pebbled (Vergil).

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

*Words by Samuel Woodworth**Music by E. Kiallmark*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

CHORUS

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

Remotus nunc longe a domo dilecta,
Quot lacrimas fund(o) oculo rubeo,
Dum mente revertor ad patria tecta
Et situlum quaero nostr(o) in puteo!

CHORUS

Est situlus quernus et ferro revinctus,
Muscusosus qui pendet nostr(o) in puteo.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

AD MERULAM*

Air: The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

Audivi, laeta volucris,
Te blanda carmina
Fundentem tuis faucibus
Ad prima lumina,
Quum vidit sol per folia
Loquentis arboris
Te, sponsam, nidum, subolem,
Ruborem pectoris.

Te vidi, tristis volucris,
Diei vertice,
Cum saevae manus tollerent
Iam nidum frutice;—
Ah! gemitus, praecordia
Qui tua concitant,
Et luctum meum pristinum
Sopitum éxcitant!

Te audio nunc, volucris,
Ad nidum lacerum
Tollentem vocem liquidam
In rubrum vesperum;—

*A *paraphrase* (cf. Foreword, p. 5, § 2).

TO A ROBIN*

T. A. Daly, *Carmina*, page 157

I heard thee, joyous votary,
Pour forth thy heart in one
Sweet simple strain of melody
To greet the rising sun,

When he across the morning's verge his first faint flare
had flung
And found the crimson of thy breast the whispering
leaves among,

In thine own tree
Which sheltered thee,
Thy mate, thy nest, thy young.

I marked thee, sorrow's votary,
When in the noon of day
Young vandals stormed thy sacred tree
And bore thine all away;

The notes of grief that rent thy breast touched kindred
chords in mine,
For memories of other days, though slumbering, still
confine

In mine own heart
The bitter smart
Of sorrow such as thine.

I hear thee now, sweet votary,
Beside the ruined nest,
Lift up thy flood of melody
Against the crimsoned west,

*Used by permission of the author.

Dum dulce melos concinis,
Maeroris immemor,
Doloris durus calix fit
Et meus dulcior!

Forgetful of all else in this, thy one sweet joyous strain.
I thank thee for this ecstasy of my remembered pain;
 Thou liftest up
 My sorrow's cup
To sweeten it again.

HIBERNIA LUGENS

Air: Aileen Aroon

Risus, Hibernia! et lacrimae,
Arcus ut pluvius, uniunt se!
In maestis radians,
In laetis lacrimans,
Sol tuus fluctuans
Oriens flet!

Silens nec lacrima deseret te,
Risus nec languidus eriget se,
Arcus ut pluvius,
Color dum varius
Arcus fit caelicus,
Pacem qui det!

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES

Words by Thomas Moore Air: Aileen Aroon

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Sad'ning through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
 One arch of peace!

PUSIO

Air: Baby Mine

Patris chartam teneo,
Pusio, pusio;
Hanc scrutari gaudeo,
Pusio, pusio;
Pater transit maria,
Quaerit mea bracchia,
Quaerit mea bracchia,
Pusio, pusio,
Tua quaerit bracchia,
Pusio!

Vultum sponsi flagito,
Pusio, pusio,
Loco suo solito,
Pusio, pusio;—
Ros(a) ut Maio rutilat,
Noct(u) ut sidus radiat,
Sol ut domum penetrat,
Pusio, pusio,
Sol ut domum penetrat,
Pusio!

Somnum fugat gaudium,
Pusio, pusio,
Fere ciet gemitum,
Pusio, pusio;
Pater transit maria,
Quaerit mea bracchia,
Quaerit tua bracchia,
Pusio, pusio,
Tua quaerit bracchia,
Pusio!

BABY MINE

*Words by Charles Mackay**Music by Archibald Johnston*

I've a letter from thy sire,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to me,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine!

Oh, I long to see his face,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
In his old accustomed place,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine!

I'm so glad, I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
I'm so happy, I could weep,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine!

AD AQUAS CONFLUENTES

Air: The Meeting of the Waters

Non est vallis per orbem, quae dulcior sit,
Quam est haec, in qua fluminum unio fit!*

Prius sensus et anima deserent me,
Quam, o vallis, oblivio obruet te!

Non quod larga Natura vim hic fuderat
Crystallorum, vel quod flores tot sparserat,
Nec quod colles et flumina sunt suavia,
Places, vallis,—maiora sed ob gaudia!

O, amati sodales hic me iuverant,—
Locis pulchris lautitias addiderant;
O, Natura,—sic senserant,—gratior fit,
Quum renidet de vultu, qui carior sit!

**flumina* sunt *Avon* et *Avóca*.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

Words by Thomas Moore Air: "The Old Head of Dennis"

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;*
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart !

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no ! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

*The rivers Avon and Avóca.

TUTUS IN PATRIA

Air: Anchored

Célox velívola*

Undam trans tepidam,

Flabra† per subdola

Repetit patriam!

Prora citissima

Aequora transilit,

Dum córde laéto návita

Regit clávum et cóncinit:

Unum si diem navigo,

Unam si noctem vigilo,

Per portum tum

Iam tutus sum

Domo in patria,

Domo in patria!

Solis, en, lumina

Per mare radiant;

Lucida flumina

Siderum emicant;

Vénti vis íncita

Velis se ingerit,

Dum córde laéto návita

Vincens túrbinem cóncinit:

Unum si diem navigo,

Unam si noctem vigilo,

Per portum tum

Iam tutus sum

Domo in patria,

Domõ in patria!

*celox, ōcis, f. fast sailing ship. (Livy.)

velivōlus, adj. (*velum* and *volare*) flying with (flowing)
sails. (Ov. Verg.)

†flabra, orum, n. winds. (Vergil.)

ANCHORED

*Words by S. K. Cowan**Music by M. Watson*

Flying with flowing sail,
Over the summer sea!
Sheer through the seething gale
Homeward bound was she!
Flying with feath'ry prow,
Bounding with slanting keel!
And glad and glad was the sailor lad,
As he steered and sang at his wheel:
Only another day to stray,
Only another night to roam,
Then safe at last,
The harbor past,
Safe in my father's home,
Safe in my father's home!

Bright on the flashing brine
Glittered the summer sun;
Sweetly the starry shine
Smiled when the day was done.
Blithe was the breeze of Heav'n,
Filling the flying sail,
And glad and glad was the sailor lad,
As he steered and sang through the gale:
Only another day to stray,
Only another night to roam,
Then safe at last,
The harbor past,
Safe in my father's home,
Safe in my father's home!

Subito fulgura
Ut enses rutilant;
Crepant tonitrua,
Vae! rates caveant!
Austri post transitum
Cerne naufragium!
Clara nox lumina
Effúndit in flúmina;
Stellae rident, assúrgit mox
Leni múrmure spúmae vox:
Perículo
Edómito
Tútus est návita,
Tutus in Patria,
Tutus in Patria!

Sudden the lightning flashed,
Like falchions in the dark!
Sudden the thunders crashed,
Alas! for the gallant bark!
There when the storm had passed,
A dreary wreck lay she!
But bright was the starry light,
That shóne on the súmmer sea;
And a soft smile came from the stars,
And a voice from the whisp'ring foam:
Safe, safe at last,
The danger past,
Safe in his Father's Home,
Safe in his Father's Home,
Safe in his Father's Home!

NIGRITARUM NAENIA

Air: Massa's in de Cold Ground

A Nigrítis decantátur
 In prátis naénia;
 Ales Mimus* modulatur
 Usque laeta cantica;
 Ubi hédera perrumpit
 Clivi gramina,
 Tumulatus, en, recumbit
 Erus† terrā frigidā!

CHORUS

Valles per imas
 Audi naenias;
 Tumulatum erum piis
 Flént Nigrítæe lácrimis!

Foliá quum deiecérunt
 Díes frígidi,
 Vix Nigritæe perceperunt
 Senis vocem languidi;
 Nunc, quum flávae cítri‡ fulgent
 Iuxta litora,
 Soles quum aestivi lucent,
 Eri silent guttura.

CHORUS

Valles per imas
 Audi naenias;
 Tumulatum erum piis
 Flént Nigrítæe lácrimis!

**Ales Mimus*, Mocking-bird.

†*Erus* (Herus), master.

‡*Citrus Flava*, orange-tree.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

Round de meadows am aringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am acreeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am asleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS

Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am aweeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

CHORUS

Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am aweeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

DUC, MITIS LUX

Air: Lead, Kindly Light

Duc, Mitis Lux, per densa nubila,
O deduc me!
Est atra nox, et distat patria;
O deduc me!
Sis pedum dux; non quaero protinus
Quae procul sunt; sat gradus unicus.

Ut esses dux non semper fervidus
Precabar Te;
Selegi mihi viam trepidus;
Nunc deduc me!
Amavi lautum diem pectore
Superbo;—ne sis memor oro Te!

Ducebant huc me Tua Numina;
Hinc ducent mox
Per stagna me, per rupes, flumina,
Dum fugit nox
Et, orta luce, rident Angeli,
Amati dudum, paulum perditi!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT*

Words by John Card. Newman

Music by J. B. Dykes

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

*A metrical translation by the same author of *Lead, Kindly Light*, is found in Part III of my *Orator Latinus*, published by Allyn and Bacon, Boston, Mass. (1924).

QUATUOR ANNI TEMPORA

I. VER

Air: "Maryland, My Maryland

Quam terrae ridet facies,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
Fugerunt nives, glacies,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
Ridentis solis iubare
 Sunt fracta sceptrā hiemis,
Prostrata iacet brumae vis,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!

Post Boreae certamina,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
In valle virent gramina,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
Se comis cingens teneris,
 En, nidos parat suavibus
Amica fagus avibus,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!

Per colles oves saliunt,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
In pratis boves mugiunt,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!
Sonoris cantant tibiis
 Pastores prope flumina
Iam priscis nota carmina,
 Venit ver, O venit ver!

THE FOUR SEASONS

I. SPRING

Air: Maryland, My Maryland

The earth is smiling once again,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
Now snow and ice have fled amain,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
The sun with smile instead of frown
Has spoiled of sceptre and of crown
And stricken old King Winter down,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!

Now after Winter's onslaughts keen
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
And carpets sloping lawns with green,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
The friendly beech with tender grace
Puts leaves where bare boughs interlace
That birds may have a nesting place,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!

The hill-sheep frolic to and fro,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
The meadow-kine contented low,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
The herdsmen by the gushing spring
With piping reed and caroling
Chant songs their fathers used to sing,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!

Quam terrae ridet facies,

Venit ver, O venit ver!

Fugerunt nives, glacies,

Venit ver, O venit ver!

Benigno Dei munere .

Post turbines, qui vexant nos,

Redibit pax in animos,

Venit pax, O venit pax!

The earth is smiling once again,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
Now snow and ice have fled amain,
Spring has come, O Spring has come!
Through God's unbounded tenderness,
When storms have filled us with distress,
Will peace our weary spirits bless,
Peace will coome, O Peace will come!

QUATUOR ANNI TEMPORA

II. AESTAS

Air: My Old Kentucky Home

Quam fúlget sól hóc aestívo tempore,
 Quam et vállis et móns rutilat!
 Aviúmque vóx máne sónat nemore,
 Ubi múrmurans fóns trepidat;
 Sub fágo pátula cántat fídicen,
 Qua pèrvigil cátulus stát;
 In páscuís gregi lúdit tíbicen,
 Alaúda súrsum cántitat:

CHORUS

Fróntem cínge frónde,
 Te tráde gaúdio:
 Deo laúdes dant út agrórum decora,
 Deum laúdent laéta sic péctora!

Agricolá bóves véxat vómere,
 Frugum spé labor dúlcior fít;
 Messóres móx dómos béant Cérere,
 Ne cibórum inópia sít;
 Scholáres núnc donant líbros réquie,
 Ad rívulos dúm properánt,
 Et móntis ét vallis cápti spécie
 Natúrae líbrum léctitant.

CHORUS

Fróntem cínge frónde,
 Te tráde gaúdio:
 Deo laúdes dant út agrórum decora,
 Deum laúdent laéta sic péctora!

THE FOUR SEASONS

II. SUMMER

Air: My Old Kentucky Home

How the sun shines bright all this happy summer time!
How mountain and vale stand aglow!
In the grove at morn sweet warblers chant their rhyme,
Where the murmuring rivulets flow.
The shepherd sings 'neath the spreading beech-tree's
shade,
His vigilant dog at his side;
To the grázing herds floats the piper's serenade,
Overhead sweet skylarks sing and ride.

CHORUS

Wreathe thy brow with garlands,
O, give thy heart to joy!
Let us praise our God with a grateful heart and free,
As the meádowns praise Him in flów'r and tree!

Now the busy swain drives his ox across the loam,
And thinks of his labor's reward;
Soon the reapers' crops will rejoice the humble home,
That no famine may sit at our board;
The students now bid their learned tomes farewell,
And haste to the silvery brook,
Their wónd'ring eyes, as they gáze on móunt and déll,
Read in Náture's own marvelous book.

CHORUS

Wreathe thy brow with garlands,
O, give thy heart to joy!
Let us praise our God with a grateful heart and free,
As the meadows praise Him in flow'r and tree!

QUATUOR ANNI TEMPORA

III. AUTUMNUS

Air: Annie Laurie

In alta montis fronte
Regina-silvae stat;
Amicta rubra fronde
Vel aves superât,
Vel aves superat
Colorum specie;—
Quid est, ilex, pulchrius te
In rupis vertice?

Sic rubrum tremit lumen,
Cum vesper venerit,
Per montes, valles, flumen,
Priusquam cesserit,
Priusquam cesserit
Sol montis vertice;—
Quidnam, sol o vespertine,
Fulgore aequat te?

Quam rubra veste, nemus,
Autumno fulgens stas!
Hac novâ toga decus
Aestivum superas,
Aestivum superas!—
Vae! vanam speciem!
Gelu vertet rubram vestem
In atram chlâmydem!

THE FOUR SEASONS

III. AUTUMN

Air: Annie Laurie

The Woodland-Queen in beauty
Upon a hill-top stays,
And robes begemmed with rubies
More radiantly displays,
More radiantly displays
Than courtier birds their plumes!
Regal Oak, who vies with thee
For highland sovereignty?

The sun at even showers
His crimson flaming darts,
O'er mountain, valleys, rivers,
Ere conquering he departs,
Ere conquering he departs
From yonder battle crest!
Who, O Sun, may rival thee
In flashing panoply?

How gleam at Autumn's bidding
O wood, thy scarlet shades!
Before this newer glory
Thy summer splendor fades,
Thy summer splendor fades;—
Ah! empty pageantry!
Out of thy gear so proud
The frost will make a shroud.

Quid quaeris tu insanus
Caduca munera?
Convertet Mortis manus
In atra funera,
In atra funera
Humanam gloriam;—
Tu sectare "Arctam Viam"
Ad Caeli Regiam!

Why, then, dost thou insanely
Pine for mere phantom toys?
Grim Death, who sears with touching,
Will change all earthly joys,
Will change all earthly joys
To ashes presently!
Choose thou the "Narrow Road"
To Heaven's royal abode!

QUATUOR ANNI TEMPORA

IV. HIEMS

Air: Old Black Joe

Iam témpus, heú! fugit quó nil grátius,
Quum aéstas cór mihi dédit laétius;
Proh! lúget núnc nemus cárens ávibus,
Et pállor mórtis cúbat hís in vállibus.

CHORUS

Est hiems, est hiems;
Procul púlsis ávibus,
En, pállor mórtis cúbat hís in vállibus!

In colle nec virent grandes ilices,
In ripa nec rident laeves silices,
Et pisces iam novis gaudent fluctibus,
Dum pallor mortis cúbat his in vallibus.

CHORUS

Est hiems, est hiems;
Procul pulsus avibus,
En, pallor mortis cubat his in vallibus!

Quid luges sic, nimis tristis anima?
O, careat vultus fusā lacrimā!—
Ver veniet blandis gaudens avibus,
Et pallor mortis cedit his ex vallibus!

CHORUS

Ver venit, ver venit;
Domum versis avibus,
En, pallor mortis cedit his ex vallibus!

THE FOUR SEASONS

IV. WINTER

Air: Old Black Joe

Gone are the days,—and how sweet they were to me,—
When summer-morns made my heart beat light and free!
Ah! now the woods mourn the bluebird and the quail,
And Death's pale presence broods upon this once fair
vale!

CHORUS

'Tis winter, 'tis winter,
Gone the bluebird and the quail,
Lo! Death's pale presence broods upon this once fair
vale!

Now on the hills the tall oaks bloom no more,
Gone is the laughter from the shingly shore;
The sportive perch in unknown rivers sail,
While Death's pale presence broods upon this once fair
vale!

CHORUS

'Tis winter, 'tis winter,
Gone the bluebird and the quail,
While Death's pale presence broods upon this once fair
vale!

Yet, downcast soul, why grieve and make sad moan?
Come, dry thine eyes, let all weeping now be gone!
Spring shall return with the birds we now bewail,
Nor shall Death's presence brood always on our fair
vale!

CHORUS

Spring's coming, spring's coming,
I hear the robin's hail,
And Death's pale presence shall away from our fair vale!

APPENDIX: *Collegii Campiani Cantica*

I

AD ALMAM MATREM CAMPIANAM*

Air: All Together

Campiónis personémus
 Nunc praeconia!
 Almae Matri dedicemus
 Pia haec encomia!
 Quis sílvas, colles,
 Rívos óblivíscitur?
 Quis cáriores
 Cómites nancíscitur?

En, Marquétte se láuro vinxit,
 Mater, prope te!
 Campionis palma cinxit
 Nosmet fortitudine!—
 Tú lúce splendes,
 Genus monstrans nobile;—
 Nón érubesces,
 Nostro, Mater, crimine!

Posthac licet permigremus
 Orbis ambitum,
 Grata mente recolemus,
 Carum te Collegium!—
 Núnc súrgant omnes!
 Laeta vox sit fortior!—
 Dúm éunt menses,
 Eris, Mater, carior!

*See footnotes on following page.

APPENDIX: *Campion College Songs*

I

SING THE SONG OF CAMPION COLLEGE

*Words by J. J. Daly, S. J.**Air: All Together*

Sing the song of Campion College,
Every loyal son!
Her fair motherhood acknowledge,
Bless the name of Campion!
Who can forget her
Hills and woods and waters dear?
What friends are better
Than the friends she gave us here?

By thy gates Marquette* won glory,
Mother of our youth!
And the Martyr Campion's† story
Tells us how to die for truth.
Airs of high endeavor
Herald thee of noble race;
We, thy sons, will never
Bring a blush into thy face.

Far and widely we may wandèr
In the years to come;
But with fondness we shall ponder
On our good old College home.
Rise, gather near her!
Hail her with our loudest cheers!
She will be dearer
With the passing of the years.

*Situatèd at the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, Campion College lies in the near vicinity of the scene of Père Marquette's discovery of the latter stream, in 1673.

†Blessèd Edmund Campion, another Jesuit hero, for whom Campion College is named, was hangèd, drawn and quartered for the Catholic faith in England, 1581.

APPENDIX: *Collegii Campiani Cantica*

II

CAMPION, O CAMPION

Air: Champion, My Champion

O Dux et Mater, amo te,
 Champion, O Champion!
Ad te accurrit undique,
 Champion, O Champion!
Qui tuas laudes augeat,
Ut "Rubr(um) et Atrum" floreat,
Si fleat sol, si rideat,
 Champion, O Champion!

Sic fidem tibi tradimus,
 Champion, O Champion!
Quum vincimur, quum vincimus,
 Champion, O Champion!
Confide nostris moribus!—
Dum arma carent sordibus,
Vincemus nos laboribus,
 Champion, O Champion!

Fortuna si nos deseret,
 Champion, O Champion!
Nequaquam nosmet opprimet,
 Champion, O Champion!
Nam mētis flagrant flamina,
Dum late sonant carmina,
Quae tua laudant nomina,
 Champion, O Champion!

APPENDIX: *Campion College Songs*

II

CAMPION, MY CAMPION

*Words by Students of Campion College**Music by J. A. Kiefer, S. J.*

O Mother dear! our loving guide,
Campion, my Campion!
Thy sons are come from ev'ry side,
Campion, my Campion!
To swell the chorus of thy praise,
In radiant or in clouded days,
The Crimson and the Black to raise,
Campion, my Campion!

So now we pledge our love to thee,
Campion, my Campion!
Through dark defeat or victory,
Campion, my Campion!
In loyal hearts be all thy trust,
Thy valiant arms shall never rust,
For work we will and win we must,
Campion, my Campion!

Should Fortune turn her smile away,
Campion, my Campion!
Our spirit dies not with the day,
Campion, my Campion!
Our loyal hearts are still aflame,
As far and wide we sing thy fame,
The burden of our song, thy name,
Campion, my Campion!

Os nostrum quum siluerit,
 Campion, O Champion!
Et nova vox cecinerit,
 Campion, O Champion!
Se corda nostra unient,
Victoriam ut roborent;—
Invictae voces concinent:
 Campion, O Champion!

When we that sing have gone our ways
 Campion, my Champion!
And other sons shall sing thy praise
 Campion, my Champion!
Our hearts will join their tireless song,
To urge thy victory along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song:
 Campion, my Champion!

III

AD BEATUM EDMUNDUM CAMPION, S. J

Collegii Campiani Patronum

O Campion, quem amor Dei dedit
Patronum nobis potentissimum,
Hoc die fervens tibi pectus reddit
Affectum suum ardentissimum,
Ex corde inflammato dum procedit
Prommissum nostrum fidelissimum:
"Virtutis te sequemur certum ducem
Per tenebras ad sempiternam lucem!"

O Campion, qui fide spoliare
Reginam fraude vides patriam,
Societatis Jesu miles clare,
Reversus Roma quaeris Angliam,
Nec diram times mortem quam parare
Cognoscis iram tibi regiam.
Haec fortitudo te triumpho donat,
Haec fides fidum martyrem coronat!

O Campion, labore nullo fractus
Haereseos proternis vitia,
Captivus donec proditoris factus
Ad saeva raperis supplicia.
Patibulo triumphum victor nactus
Confundis hostium convicia:—
Defende nos ab hostibus infernis,
Ut perfruamur gaudiis aeternis!

IV

AD ALMAM MATREM CAMPIANAM

Inclytas laudes celebremus Almae
Matris ad flumen radiantis, ingens
Quod labor Jesu - Socii fidesque
Repperit ardens.

Euge, Marquetti! Scapha te recurva
Detulit primum lacubus supernis
Flumen in Magnum, merito dicatum
Immaculatae.

Cincta pratorum viridi lepore,
Collium dulci comitante risu,
Celsius surgit, prope, Campiana
Sedula Sedes.

Martyri forti domus haec dicata
Imbuit mentes iuvenum salubri
Artium Cultu, Dominique lege
Pectora firmat.

Hic mihi ridet bonus inter omnes
Angulus, gyrans ubi lambit unda
Collium litus, merulaeque replent
Carmines silvas.

Lintre transvectus fluvium serenum,
Non recusabis vario colore
Pulverum pictum celebremque longe
Scandere collem.

Verticem nactus, prope Campiana
Sede conspecta specieque vallis,
Ore facundo repetes beatus:
Campion, euge!

Floreas, vivas, iuvenum Palaestra!,
Candidam lauro redimita frontem,
In dies crescas, age, Mater Alma:
Campion, euge!

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*Numeros Musicos composuit J. A. Krieter, S. J.



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Geyser, Anthony Francis,
1870-
Musa americana

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